# [ficlet] Human AU: Pain.

• Mar. 9th, 2011 at 1:16 AM

**Title:** Human AU: Pain.
**Fandom:** Supernatural.
**Rating:** PG.
**Warnings:** None.
**Pairings/Characters:** Michael +/ Gabriel.
**Word Count:** 544 words.
**Summary:** Michael's lost in thought often these days.
**Note:** Written for **spn_30snapshots**, with the first prompt (pain) being used for this one. I should note that just because the table's angsty doesn't mean that these are all angst-a-thon ficlets. Also, three down, twenty-seven to go!

Also? Don't start reading here. Go here and start with #4, as that's the first story in this collection. You'll be confused otherwise.

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Michael thinks about Heaven often, probably more often than he should. It isn't strange for an angel to be constantly thinking of Heaven and the Host and most importantly God, as it's part of their very nature, but an angel-turned-human constantly lost in thought is a completely different situation.

It's how Michael discovers that he is capable of bleeding. He's lost in thought when the knife slips, and he's contemplating memories when it catches on his skin and draws blood.

"Ow!" The utterance is completely involuntary, and makes Gabriel look over from his tabloid to see Michael staring at his hand, trying to make sense of what his eyes and nerves are telling him: he's got a cut, it's bleeding, and it hurts.

Michael's never felt anything like this. It's an injury so trivial that if he were merely inhabiting this body as an angel, he would heal it only as an afterthought. It's just damage to the skin, isn't deep at all -

He's still staring at it when Gabriel comes over, washcloth and band-aid in hand.

"Aw, did you get a booboo?" Gabriel says, and it's clear from his tone that Michael shouldn't respond to it. Instead he holds out his hand, waiting for Gabriel to explain exactly what he's doing.

Gabriel wipes up the blood, tsks at the mess, places two band-aids over the cut, and pokes Michael in the chest.

"What?"

"Pay attention to the knife next time. I'm not one for healing."

Michael stares at him, uncertain of how to respond - (Raphael is the healer, he should take care of this) - or even if he should.

Gabriel stares right back at him for a moment, then sighs and turns away, collecting the plastic wrappers and trashing them.

"Raphael wouldn't know how to do that."

Michael lifts his head, dragged back to reality by the comment. He had been sinking into thought again, remembering a long-ago conversation with Raphael. Something about healing, and -

"Raphael knows how to heal." Michael says, stiffly. He hasn't seen Raphael heal in years, though, as there has been very little conflict to heal over. (Not that it matters - other angels have tended to the wounded, not Raphael, it's a detail that he's been ignoring for centuries, that Raphael is the one leading angels into combat, but he hasn't been seen with that gentle glow that signifies healing since - )

Michael thinks that getting lost in thought might become a hazard for himself. Whatever Gabriel said in response, he missed, and from the look on Gabriel's face he should have been listening.

"I'm sorry," Michael says at last, although he doesn't know what he's apologizing for. It's a convenient way for him to turn and leave, retreating once more to his bedroom. The sandwich he was preparing is left on the counter, and Gabriel is left to clean it up.

He doesn't know what he's doing, and without some bright purpose he feels lost, unanchored in reality. Michael sits on the bed and follows his thoughts, waiting for orders, for something to *do*.

He completely misses seeing Gabriel watch him from the doorway, and he doesn't notice when Gabriel's lip curls and he leaves, something dark and angry in his eyes.

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